SAWDUST

JUNE - 1944

VOL. IV. - NO. 6

"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

Monkey Business

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

A Good Word For Dad . . .

I think it is time to be writing in rhyme,
Extolling the virtues of Dad.
It's gone far enough, and sure does seem tough,
To think of the snubs he has had.

We write of Mother, and tell how we love her,
We offer our hearts at her shrine;
We praise her ornately (she takes it sedately);
But this time it's Father for mine!

Of course, I'll admit it, she deserves quite a bit
Of love and affection, no doubt;
I always have said it, she gets all the credit
While Father's 'most always left out.

Who does all the plugging, while Ma gets the hugging?
Who toils in good weather, and bad?
Whose arms bear the burden? Who scarce gets a word in?
You can bet your sweet life that it's Dad!

How long has he waited for praise long belated?
Let's make his poor starved heart feel glad.
And while we're about it, let's stand up and shout it:
"Three ripping hot cheers for old Dad!"

—Clara McCulley.

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

●

RUDIE HENDERSON
EDWARD HJELTNESS
GUY MARTIN
FLORENCE ADAIR
ALBERT SAINZ
CRUZ SAINZ
O. H. HONERLAH
AMANDA LASKY

●

E. P. FITZGERALD
LEE MEYERS

●

MASCOT

●

JIMMY-THE-RED

CHALFANT PRESS
PRINTERS

BEHIND SCHEDULE . . .

As June SAWDUST goes to press, the major political party, and the New Dealers with the enthusiastic help of Earl Browder and Sidney Hillman who have proselyted the once staunch Democratic Party, have both held their national conventions.

It may thus be realized the tardiness of this issue and of others to follow.

Despite this writer's brawn and broad shoulders he has been virtually relegated to the duties of water-boy five full evenings a week during construction of Lone Pine's community plunge. Thereby, is the prime reason for SAWDUST's lateness. Rather than, as has been suggested, telescope a number of months into one issue, an attempt will be made to bring them up to date in much the same manner as our numerous back-orders for materials for many of our best accounts.

Actually we toyed with the idea of omitting this issue for another reason. To this writer it seemed that cover-artist Lawson Wood's June assignment was very personal—almost maliciously so. The somewhat pot-bellied, be-spectacled, surfeited and definitely saturated, cigar smoking, baldheaded, cock-eyed and simpering baboon on this month's cover seems definitely more than a coincidence. In fact, one would judge that said baboon can scarcely hold out to the tape. Thereby hangs the slender thread of difference. This writer believes that he can hold out to the tape. Nevertheless, we feel that we should complain to Mr. Wood.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Sidesman

We of the Democratic Central Committee are preparing to send out some interesting material and not having a great register handy are wondering what your party affiliations are.—Curtis Phillips, Bishop, Cal.

● **Definitely with the Party that finds it unnecessary to "Clear Everything with Sidney".—Ed.**

Stalling Time and Tide

Please tell your customers to waite until after the war to pass away as it at present we are swamped with business we do not know which way to turn.—M. C. Yahne, General Manager Inland Stages, Los Angeles.

● **Presumably notice is hereby served that those about to die must bear in mind that "there is a war on", and their funerals may be drab affairs without flowers expressed via Inland Stages.—Ed.**

Motivation . . .

Have mailed the 3 SAWDUSTs sent me to my old friend Jess Hession who will enjoy the old time articles. I knew Jess when he was delving into Blackstone while handling Blackberries for Julian Eibershutz at Independence.—Jack Murphy, Reno, Nev.

. . . Results

Our mutual friend, Jack Murphy, has just sent me . . . (SAWDUST) . . . How about putting me on your mailing list? These issues contain many items of interest to me, particularly the Genevieve issue of February, a deserving mention of a deserving person.—Jess Hession, Assistant Attorney General, Sacramento.

Queries

Are you still publishing SAWDUST? Miss it.—Bert W. LeCrone, Los Angeles.

Just wondering if by any chance you had forgotten to send us SAWDUST. We really do enjoy it so much.—Mrs. Stella C. Williamson, Oceanside, Cal.

We have lost touch since seeing the April issue.—L. Kenneth Wilson, Payson, Utah.

What's become of SAWDUST? —"Ma" Reid, Los Angeles.

● **To the above and 162 others who have written, turn to previous page.—Ed.**

Rebellion Against Bureaucracy

Away up in the mountains of Inyo County, California, is a man who is going to run his business to suit himself! His name is _____ —CREDITOR'S JOURNAL, San Francisco.

Faith Fulfilled

You have been the most liberal of creditors, and I sincerely wish to complete the payment of this account.—A. N. F., Borger, Texas.

Cephalopod

I would almost bet that your mother read the Great Octopus sometime in the months immediately preceding your birth, for nothing else but pre-natal influence could account for this continued and constant desire of yours to play David and Goliath with the Southern Pacific Company, and damned if I'm not with you all the way.—Irving G. Bishop, Attorney and Counsellor, Los Angeles.

23-X-21311 . . .

Raissa Irene Berkman Browder, Russian-born wife of Phew Deal-loving Earl Browder has just become a legitimate alien immigrant eligible for U. S. citizenship. Perhaps following instructions from The Man, immigration and consular officials just ended the long dispute relative to her deportation (never enforced since illegal entry in 1933—the year F. D. R. first became president) by allowing her to re-enter the U. S. from Canada with a legally stamped visa.

Raissa Irene Berkman Browder's political drag will perhaps enable her to become naturalized long before Lone Pine's active and mentally alert 90-year-old Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz who filed his first papers in 1875 at Solomonville, Graham County, Arizona. Y. C. Ruiz' fond hope before he passes on is to die a U. S. citizen. Whether he owes his longevity to the U. S. Dept. of Justice's slovenly Immigration and Naturalization Service is another point. But at fourscore years and ten it is natural that the hourglass is running low.

Born Jan. 17, 1854, in Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, Mr. Ruiz married beauteous Ysabel Madril, July 8, 1875, only four days before her 16th birthday, and entered the United States at Nogales, Arizona, in October of that year. Mr. and Mrs. Ruiz have been honorable and self–supporting residents of Lone Pine for fifty years. Deserving as they are, they are ineligible for old-age pensions.

Always a conscientious and law-abiding resident, Y. C. Ruiz has nevertheless been assigned a number. The Immigration and Naturalization Service knows him as 23-X-21311. Geometrically speaking, "X" has always been an unknown quantity. But Mr. 23-X-21311 has

23-X-21311 AND COMPANION IN 1943

known for 69 long years that he wants more than anything to be a U. S. citizen. With the Phew Deal dishing out the raw deal with wrecking abandon for the past twelve years, we sometimes wonder why? Perhaps at 90 years of age one becomes immune.

Two years ago this writer assumed the supervision of Mr. 23-X-21311's citizenship application after all others had given up in exhaustion.

After two years we are now in the mood to fight.

One of the multiplicity of essentials of citizenship applications are photographs of the applicant within the last 30 days. To date we have completed his third set of photographs in the past two years. By the time red-tape confusion of a given nature is surmounted, the photographs accompanying them become too ancient in the opinion of Immigration and Naturalization officials, and a new set is required "taken within the last 30 days".

Two years ago, the papers of 23-X-21311 were being handled by an individual in the Bakersfield office. Bakersfield being too convenient, the files covering 23-

X-21311 were transferred. The next question was where? The Fresno office knew nothing of them. The San Francisco office knew nothing of them. In due course they turned up in the Mislaid Files Department in Los Angeles.

Overnight mail service between Lone Pine and Los Angeles was getting us no where. Thereupon this writer recently journeyed to

COMMUNIST BROWDER WAS LUCKIER

L. A. to infest every Governmental department until citizenship would be granted to 23-X-21311.

Accosting an austere male in the office of the U. S. Dept. of Justice in the huge Federal Bldg. he said: "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"On or about the 15th day of December, 1875, Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz filed declaration of intention ----"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. I walked down to another office. Cooling my heels for two hours I was finally ushered into the sanctum sanctoribus of another Civil Service member in good standing, and began: "On or about the 15th day of December, 1875, Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz filed declaration of intention----"

"That will do, sir, that will do! This office has nothing to do with citizenship applications."

I went away. I was exasperated.

Finally, I learned a startling fact. The Immigration and Naturalization Service had recently been transferred from the U. S. Dept. of Justice to the U. S. Dept. of Labor. A brilliant stroke bordering on sheer genius considering all of the labor required in trying to become a citizen.

The architects and designers of the new Federal building contemplating its adequacy for Federal requirements for the next hundred years, failed to comprehend the mushrooming bureaus created by the Phew Deal, and occupancy became too cramped. The U. S. Dept. of Labor was to be found in a limit–height office building at 354 S. Spring St.

Entering the proper office I was sent to the First Auditor. The First Auditor sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller. He examined all of his loose papers, but found nothing on 23-X-21311. I was encouraged. Before closing time I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that Division.

Next morning being Saturday, I was aware my business must be completed by noon. I got a foothold in the Director's office. But he was not there. There were 24 bare-backed, bare-legged, beautiful blondes and brunettes with a sprinkling of red-heads in the office, punching typewriters and calculators. There were 14 well favored young men of draft-age, showing them how. The girls smiled up over their shoulders, and the young men smiled back at them. All was sliding along as

merrily as sleigh bells. Two or three young men that were reading newspapers looked up at me rather hard. Then I said to one of them that was reading:

"Where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? Whom do you mean? If you mean the Director, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem today?"

! ? ☆ # ! ? % ☆ ! ? !

Back in Lone Pine we are again resorting to mail service in behalf of 23-X-21311. Perhaps we should appeal to Rep. Clair Engle for special Congressional dispensation. 69 years is a long time to await naturalization.

Mr. Ruiz fervantly desires to visit Magdalena, the place of his birth, before he dies. Despite his age he is keenly alert to the fact that unless he is a U. S. citizen he may not be permitted to re-enter the United States.

Ygnacio Cruz Ruiz, an unprivileged member of the common herd, can scarcely expect to have the Phew Deal luck of Russian-born Communist Raissa Irene Berkman Browder.

—SD—

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT . . .

Thanks to capable photographer Allan W. Ramsey for the portraits of Y. C. Ruiz in "23-X-21311" and the center-spread under "Retrospection". Photographer Ramsey donated the proceeds of these pictures and of others in future issues to Lone Pine's Community Plunge.

—SD—

Some tourists were standing on the edge of Mt. Vesuvius looking at the molten lava. An American said to his companion, "Looks hot as Hell."

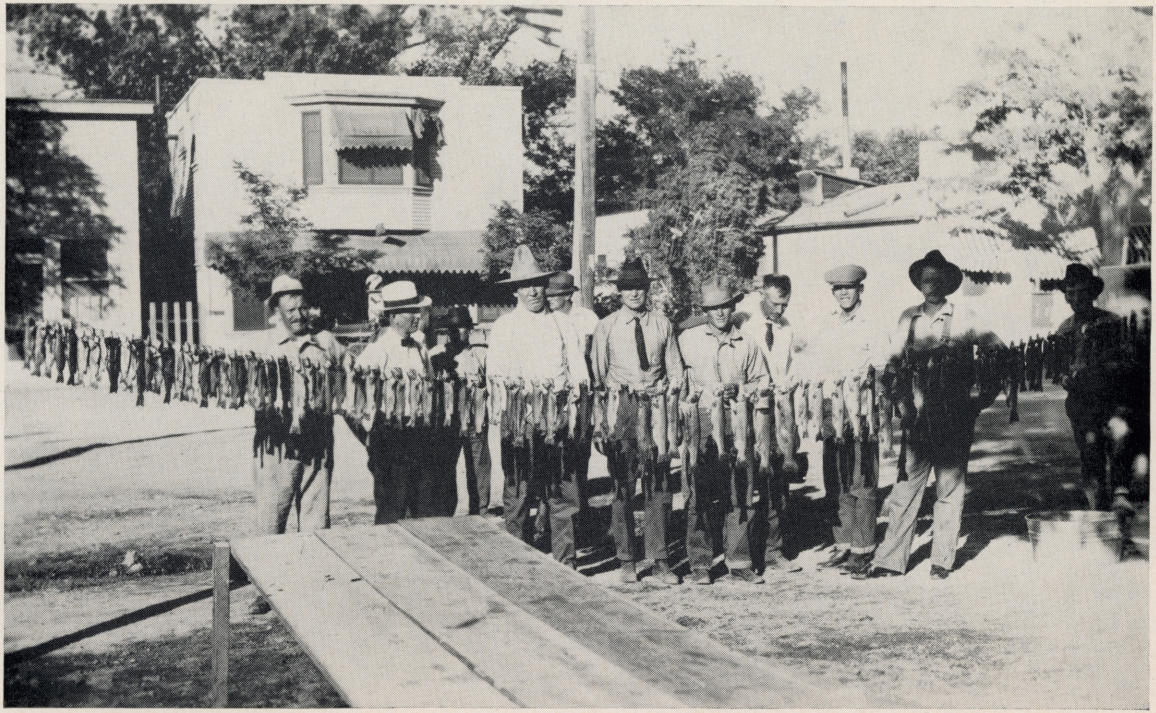
And Englishman standing nearby said to his friend, "Those Americans have been everywhere."

PLUNGE HIGHLIGHTS . . .

John Ford of Bishop putting in an 18-hour day on the dragline

to complete plunge-site excavations in one day, and then coming down the following week to operate for the gravel haulers . . . The dragline's bucket jerking out a two-inch water main of the Lone Pine Water Company's meandering smack across the middle of the plunge . . . Everett Shellenbarger being inconvenienced by the severed water-main, but making a financial contribution to the project nevertheless . . . Lions President Art Ray puffing away helping to hoist the bleachers onto the trucks . . . Ben Baker salvaging empty beer and coke bottles on the site and Bob Bryerton sighting one that he overlooked, yelling: "Hey Ben! Here's another penny laying in the ditch!" . . . Mike Baker being completely satisfied with the hole "as was" after the drag-line was done. A little water in it made further work unessential and somewhat of an inconvenience to Mike . . . Myrnadel Hewitt, this year's elementary school Queen of the May, sitting alongside her daddy operating the bull-dozer, as proud as a little queen . . . Geof. Watterson hauling out the first load dropped by the drag-line in his dump truck just painted a flashy green . . . The dirt was offered free to anyone that would take it, and before the day was done, bidders were paying $1.00 a load for it . . . Don Smith with a Model T truck was hauling one bucketful at a time, and at the conclusion begging for one more load, and after obtaining permission, borrowing a truck that hauled three times the usual amount.

RETROSPECTION . . . Golden Trout "Feed" of 20 Years Ago



In the upper picture individuals behind the catch of Golden trout from Cottonwood Lakes may easily be identified by old–timers. The buildings in the background are much the same today. In the lower picture this group are consuming the trout pictured above. The site is now that of Joseph's store. Golden Trout "feeds" were sponsored annually by the Gun & Angler's Club.

Wallpaper

New definition for Capital Punishment: When the government sets up business in competition with you, and then takes all your profits with taxes in order to make up its loss . . . Frank G. Lasky set some sort of record in War Bond drives. For the 5th War Loan he sold through personal solicitations almost one-third of the Lone Pine area's $37,500.00 quota . . . Distinguished visitors of the month: Nevada's Governor E. P. Carville with a patch over one eye. He tried to connect us with some Elko Hendersons in the banking business for many decades. Hmm, we'll look into that . . . Lieut. Howard W. Dueker comprised 50% of the page-wide picture in Irving Stone's lead article "Desert Padre" in the May 20th SATURDAY EVENING POST. However, there was no mention of Dueker in the text. It was perhaps intended to delete the picture when a paragraph about Duke was omitted. Curtis Phillip's Kodachromes added greatly to the feature . . . Art Hess of Bishop fractured his leg shortly after fishing season opened . . . The Second Front finally opened on June 6th. On the morning of June 8th, only 2 days later, we had our copy of TIME with five full pages of details! How do they do it? . . . Jimmy-the-Red, Rudie II and their mother are off to Minnesota for the summer. With the Red in his prime, certain Gopher residents should get more than a vague idea of what California earthquakes are . . . "Whisperin'" Sam Davis recently grumbled to us that the boys had been calling him "P & B". Sam was a bit perplexed, although he knew "P & B" was a brand of paint. Finally, he got around to asking them what the new abbreviated monicker meant, and wasn't exactly flattered to be informed that it was short for "Paw & Beller" . . . It takes two to make a marriage—a single girl and an anxious mother . . . Have you heard radio's new program "A Date With Judy"? Judy is Louise Erickson of Minnesota heritage. Rather odd, this writer married a Gopher blonde of the same name, and did rather well . . . Speaking of radio, as we do our nightly stint at the desk we usually listen to the six nights weekly full hour over KPO called "Sweetheart Swing-Time". The music is usually catching, although the program is perhaps the corniest of the corny to be encountered anywhere on the air-ways . . . And speaking of corn, we'll hand the Oscar to Mayor Fletcher Bowron of Los Angeles for holding an all time high for being the central theme of corny publicity pictures . . . There are between sixty and sixty-five billions (yes we said BILLIONS) of pounds of beef roaming the western ranges! Yet, buy yourself a steak, if you can! Of all the screwy things in these hectic days, this is the screwiest . . . June 10th was Walter Dow's birthday. We spent much of the day trying to work out a congratulatory telegram that would sneak by the Western Union's regulations forbidding such messages. We succeeded along towards night . . .

Mr. and Mrs. E. U. Wheelock rolled into Lone Pine on the evening of said June 10th for a dinner followed by a grand telephone conversation with the Dows. Ed Wheelock started off the conversation by making an application for employment at Mr. Dow's grove. He was practically hired before his voice was recognized . . . Improvement note: Bert Wise completed the painting of the heating stove in Jim Mills' Pool & Poker Emporium Deluxe . . . This can be sincerely said about the two septuagenarians Jim Mills and Julius Mahrt: Stepping up to the bar for a Coca Cola they offer the snappiest service to be found in Lone Pine, and they pick up the dime as if they had never seen one before. It's difficult to comprehend the nonchalance shown at other places in town when trying to pay for a drink and get your change so you can get the hell out . . . Now that the family is in Minnesota we have been eating at most of the places about town. Cafes serving a bowl of soup with two lonely midget wafers may be interested in knowing that a certain drug store serves soup with a basket of wafers . . . Blocked with orders thirty days and older we can't help but shiver at that inevitable day when we'll be sitting around here twiddling our thumbs waiting for a "live one" to drop in and spend a couple of bits with us . . . Right in the middle of the rush, yard foreman Not-so - Slim Honerlah burned up the motor driving our power saw. It's one for Ripley, but Art Stringer had it rewound and going again in just a bit longer than a week . . . Inflationary note: 16-year old high school kids going to the Inyokern Naval Base and being paid—not earning—$120.00 a week! We thought our schedule of $30.00 a week to them was more than they were worth . . . Perhaps Charlie King of Dunmovin hits it about right. Over the door is framed the first dollar bill taken over the counter when Dunmovin opened. Along–side it now is a cryptic note: "Worth about 10c" . . . Oldest son Bob welcomed June 21st, the first day of summer and his 16th birthday, and also the great day when he returned to the good graces of the California Division of Motor Vehicles . . . Rough and ready Johnny Barnes still likes his bottle even though his mother has tried to shame him away from it. Recently Johnny's mother asked him what his playmates who no longer used a bottle would think of him when they saw his. He pondered a second and then said, "Wrap it" . . . Johnny also recently tore a huge hole in his pants. He ambled in to show his mother the new "window" in his trousers . . . Linoleum rugs and yard goods have been an acute item to keep stocked. We are now receiving increased allotments that offer moderate choice if you are not too choosey . . . Nothing annoys a woman more than having her friends drop in unexpectedly to find the house looking like it usually does . . . Have you noticed that Harold Itchies, Madam Perkins and Eleanor have been almost submerged of late? Can it be part of the campaign grand strategy? . . . One of life's darkest hours: Being stranded in Independence without a stogie and no cigars to be had in town.

Two Mules and A Motorist

In an unusual coincidence, while last month's SAWDUST was on the press containing a picture of unpaved, water-bogged El Camino Sierra north of Lone Pine, lumber-broker Art Twohy of Los Angeles mailed us SUNSET for August, 1912, containing an automobile article over El Camino Sierra, minus the automobile, by Peter B. Kyne. Mr. Kyne later obtained fame as the author of "Cappy Ricks", "The Parson From Panamint", "The Enchanted Hill", etc. Photographs included Elephant Rock with handsome Oscar Burkhardt on horseback, and a picture of barren Lone Pine and Mt. Whitney.

The following paragraphs lifted from Mr. Kyne's lengthy article should be of interest to old-timers:

A word here before we start into the south, for Bridgeport deserves the passing tribute of a word. It is the county seat of Mono county, and it is old, old, old. There is the courthouse, the hotel, the blacksmith shop, the livery stable and the public school. Around these centers of civilization a few aged frame buildings cluster to form a hamlet. Shifty-looking Injun dogs skulk furtively through its single short street. Stolid Piute bucks loiter along the board sidewalks and on the hotel porch, cursing the selfishness of the paleface in retaining for his own individual use and comfort the squirrel whiskey that comes in on the big freight wagons from Minden, Nevada . . .

But I was happy that first night in Bridgeport. It was the Land of the New. The coyotes came down to the edge of town and howled defiance at the village dogs.

After breakfast, W. Gilette Scott drove up to the hotel with a hang-dog look and a span of mules. Now I don't like mules . . . Moreover, I had distinctly specified an automobile for our trip, and the appearance of these two "desert birds" drawing a fine buckboard with camp equipment, rather annoyed me. In addition it rather gave the lie to Scott's glowing commendation of El Camino Sierra as an auto route, and I demanded an explanation.

Hammond's is the first point on El Camino Sierra [just north of present day Leevining—Ed.] after leaving Bridgeport, where one can secure oil, gasoline, bed and meals. You would never choose Hammond's outside of Mono county, but in Mono county Hammond's is really above the average. The beds are clean and only four in a room.

We tried vainly to arouse host Hammond to a sense of the advantages of modern improvements, but just now he is catering to the trade that comes out of the sagebrush, and all that the sagebrush trade asks is "scoffin's and floppin's."

We spent two delightful days at Grant Lake. Two Swedes from Bodie and an Indian were camped there also. The fishing was marvelous. No other word describes it. All big fish and fighters to the last flop. I hated to leave Grant Lake. Even now it gives me a heartache to write about it, for the tourist follows the pathfinder and in a few years those fish will become educated and I will be voted a disciple of Ananias.

At Mono Mills (gasoline, etc., is obtainable here) we rested for luncheon and a welcome drink of

water—then pressed onward.

Of all the beautiful and interesting spots on El Camino Sierra, Mammoth will linger longest in the memory. I know now that I shall never get it out of my blood. Bert Bernard is the boniface who runs this frontier hostelry. He makes no pretension to style or sanitary plumbing, but he had a darky cook who served real food. He has good clean beds with timothy hay mattresses, and if you don't like it, there are a lot of people that do.

After resting two days in Bishop, Inyo county, we resumed journey down the Owens river valley. The country around Bishop—in fact, down to Lone Pine—is very beautiful. It has the charm of the unexpected. From a desert strewn with heaps of malapai, one passes into green fields with irrigating ditches. A few miles of this and then—the desert.

We had passed all the big mountain peaks by the time we reached Lone Pine late in the afternoon. Mt. Gillett, Mt. Morrison, Kearsarge and Whitney—we passed along their bases in succession. They are the real sights of El Camino Sierra— snow-capped, cloud-enshrouded, majestic, terrible, overawing in their calm assumption of the impotence of eternity.

At Lone Pine we endeavored to secure horses and climb Mt. Whitney, but under the advice of Mr. G. F. Marsh, who built the Smithsonian observatory on the summit and appears to be Mt. Whitney's favorite son, for he knows every dip, spur and angle on her wrinkled old face, we abandoned the attempt. There was still too much ice on the trail, and while under Marsh's guidance we could have reached the summit, it would have been a difficult task.

It is a land of perpetual paradox. From Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States, one may look across several mountain ranges into Death Valley, the lowest point in the United States.

Along the entire route there are accommodations for tourists; every little town in Owens Valley is a depot for auto supplies and repairs. The roads are suprisingly good and by the expenditure of a very small percentage of the eighteen million dollars' State Highway fund, can be placed in such condition with the natural rock-building materials right at hand, that a week-end trip for dwellers from San Francisco to Los Angeles through this great scenic wonderland would be quite feasible.

Under the plan presented to the State Highway Commission by my friend Scott, who loves California and good roads so much that he gives all of his time and most of his money to the cause, El Camino Sierra will constitute the eastern leg of a great system of state highways conceived by Scott and designated by the singularly euphonious Spanish title of the Pasear.

Scott says we ought to see America first. We ought—and the best way to start is to take a trip over The Pasear and spend two weeks along El Camino Sierra. If you can't afford a motor-car, I recommend a span of mules, a good buckboard and lots of grub. If you can't afford such an outfit (indeed in these days of cheap motor-cars, it's a toss-up which to take) then I suggest a gun and rod, a roll of blankets, a knapsack and a pair of sturdy legs. Go somehow.

W. G. Scott of the Inyo Good Roads Club converted me. El Camino Sierra is as close to heaven as I ever expect to get, and having once tasted the delights of the trail, I'm going back.

Try it.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

"Where there's a will, there's a way." A young mother of newly born triplets was being congratulated by one of her girl friends.

"Oh, yes," she said, "we are just divinely happy and it was truly wonderful, too, because you know triplets happen only once in 15,875 times."

—SD—

Mrs. Henderson: "Jimmy, the next time you hurt kitty, I am going to do the same thing to you. If you slap it, I'll slap you. If you pull its ears, I'll pull yours. If you pinch it, I'll pinch you."

Jimmy-the-Red (After a moment of serious thought): "Mama, I'll pull its tail."

—SD—

Rastus and Liza were roller skating when suddenly Liza fell down, but flopped over and came up again with remarkable agility.

"Did you see how quick I recovered ma' equilibrium?" she asked.

"Ah sho' did," replied Rastus, "an' almost before I'd noticed it was uncovered."

—SD—

Speaker: "My friend, I think that Roosevelt is the greatest man this country has seen."

Farmer: "I'm agin' him."

Speaker: "Don't you know that behind every man there is a supreme power which controls and influences him?"

Farmer: "I'm agin' her, too!"

—SD—

Gert: "I was getting fond of Ted, until he got fresh and spoiled it."

Mert: "Yeah, isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

The flying instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute work, concluded:

"And if it doesn't open—well, gentlemen, that's what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

—SD—

Tar: "Do you like bathing beauties?"

Salt: "Dunno; I never bathed one!"

—SD—

One of our Southern friends was telling us what intoxication was like in Arkansas:

In a village up in the hills one Sunday afternoon a fellow lay in the broiling sun in the middle of the road with a bottle by his side.

"He's drunk; lock him up," the sheriff said. But a woman interposed hastily.

"No, he ain't drunk," she said, "I jest seen his fingers move."

—SD—

A dean of women at a large coeducational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:

"The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus." Met by a gale of laughter, the good woman continued, somewhat flustered: "Further, all the kissing that has been going on under my nose must be stopped."

—SD—

"And now," asked the teacher, "will anyone give me an example of indirect tax?"

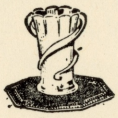
"The dog tax," announced a pupil.

"Why do you term that an indirect tax?"

"Because the dog doesn't have to pay it."

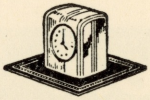
THIS MONTH'S SPECIALS

NO-MAR-PADS *Save your Furniture*

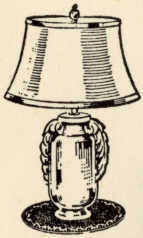


Under Art Objects

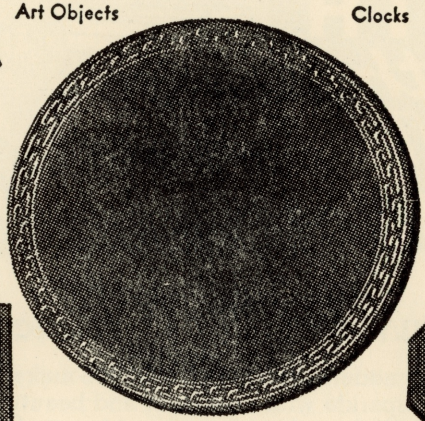
Under Ash Trays



Under Clocks

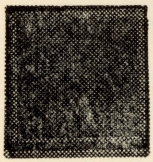


Under Lamps

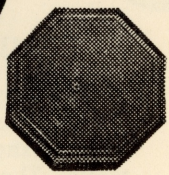


Round—8" in Diameter

Under Potted Plants



Square 6¾" x 6¾"



Octagon 8" Wide

Choice of Three Shapes in Six Colors **25c Each**

Beautiful reproductions of tooled leather in Brown, Red, Tan, Maple, Ivory and Blue. Smooth velvet-like under surface protects furniture from marring.

Modernize your BATH with Handityle

EASILY APPLIED • ECONOMICAL

Here's the modern, inexpensive way to make your old bathroom sparkle with new color and beauty. Simply apply Handityle right over your old, soiled, cracked walls. These conveniently sized plastic-coated wall sheets provide new water-tight walls that cannot crack, chip, peel or craze. End cleaning drudgery and save the expense of repainting every year or two.

There are seven beautiful colors to fit your bathroom color scheme. The hard, glass-like plastic-coated surface not only beautifies but protects. Don't delay. We can supply you now. No need to wait.